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—Captain Perry, of the ship *Obed McLauran*.

# Did He See the Flying Dutchman?

It was about midnight of Saturday, December 19, in 35.22 south latitude, 18.34 east longitude, or about sixty miles due south of the Cape of Good Hope, that we saw, or believe we saw, the Flying Dutchman. At any rate, the craft that appeared off our port bow was unlike anything that sails the seas in this century, and her actions in every way led me to believe that she was none other than the ill-fated ship of fable.

The sea was a perfect calm, and the night was very dark, yet the stranger appeared in full view, not more than two miles distant, and we got a plain sight of her through the agency of some strange light that seemed to surround her. She appeared suddenly, was in view only a few moments, and disappeared as mysteriously as she came.

It was just at the end of my watch, in which there were twelve men, nearly all of whom witnessed the strange sight. It was with difficulty that I persuaded them we had seen only a mirage, and even then they were averse to believing me, even when I told them the story of the Flying Dutchman, and that the spirit ship had ceased to roam the seas a century or more ago. I can scarcely blame them, for even I was so impressed with the occurrence that, had I been the only witness, I should have believed that I was dreaming.

CAPTAIN W. H. PERRY,  
Of the English ship *Obed McLauran*.

The Flying Dutchman seen again, and in this enlightened century?

It seems scarcely probable, yet there is an educated, matter-of-fact shipmaster, not given to romancing, and not a bit superstitious, who declares in sober earnest that Vanderdecken's doomed vessel, or something akin to it, appeared to his view only so long ago as last December. The *Obed McLauran* is a ship belonging to the Brothers Herron, of Liverpool, and has been under the command of Captain Perry for several years, always to his credit. She left Calcutta on October 29, for Boston, which port she final-

reached in 124 days.

"We were sixty days from Calcutta," continues Captain Perry. "When the thing occurred. As I say, it was at the end of my watch. Suddenly my attention was called to a strange object off our port bow, and, looking more carefully, I saw a ship of the style that I have seen in pictures of two hundred years ago. At first, she was indistinct, but gradually a pale bluish light up that part of the sea, and then, as though the heavens had turned their light upon her, she appeared in full view, as plainly as at noon. A strange haze lit up that part of the horizon, and seemed to surround her like the haze about the will-o'-the-wisp. The sea was like a mirror, but, in spite of the perfect calm, the ship appeared to be bristling in a terrible gale. She plunged and lifted over imaginary waves, now nearly capsizing, now righting herself. She made little headway through the water, but seemed to draw nearer, until we could see on her deck, rushing madly to and fro, her people. They were dressed in fantastic garb of centuries ago, and presented a ghastly sight, if ever men did. And then, just as suddenly as she had appeared, she was enveloped in that misty haze, and vanished from our sight. Not a sound had we heard, yet it was all so plain—like a picture in the *vitae*scope."

"Believe me or not," said Captain Perry, "but this is what we saw, or thought we saw, and if it wasn't the Flying Dutchman, I don't know what it was."

Such a narrative as this is almost beyond human credence, yet Captain Perry's word is not to be impeached, and until some better explanation is forthcoming, it must be believed he and his crew saw the Flying Dutchman.

The story of the Flying Dutchman is so old that probably few people remember it in its details. It is a story of the inefficacy of man's will against the Divine Power, and, briefly, is as follows:

William Vanderdecken, a shipmaster, left his young wife and son, in his little home in Holland, in 1628, to make his last voyage to India in his ship, the *Amsterdam*. Six months later, on a stormy night, he appeared to his wife, and, when she had recovered from her terror at his uncanny return, told her this terrible story: "I have not lost my vessel, Catherine, BUT I HAVE LOST —! Make no reply, but listen: I

a square dance, whereas at Vienna the first dance is always a waltz.

Neither Emperor Francis Joseph nor King Humbert ever dances, declining even to figure in square dances, and in this their example is followed by the King of the Belgians, the King of Denmark and the King of Saxony. Nor was the late Emperor of Russia ever known to dance. The King of Sweden takes part in square dances, and so, too, does the abnormally fat King of Portugal. The King of Serbia waltzes well, as do the King of Wurtemberg and most of the Princes of the reigning houses of Austria and Bavaria.

In England the most energetic waltzer is the Prince of Wales, who invariably dances a very fast "doux temps," on the ground that it is a "splendid form of exercise," and exceedingly "healthy," since it makes him "perspire" freely.

The Empress of Germany only indulges in square dances, and her example is followed by the Queen of the Belgians. Neither the Empress of Austria nor the hypochondriac Queen of Sweden has danced for many a year, while the widowed-hood of the Queen Regent of Spain and of the Netherlands are of too recent a character to admit of their taking any part in an amusement of which they were formerly very fond. The Princess of Wales is a beautiful waltzer, and very fond of it, as was also her sister, the now widowed Empress of Russia. The Queen of Portugal is a very energetic though scarcely graceful waltzer, while Queen Marguerite of Italy has been forced by her embonpoint to restrict herself to square dances.

It may be added that Queen Victoria was formerly extremely fond of dancing, and that as late as fifteen and twenty years ago she was wont frequently to "lead a measure" at the tenants' and servants' balls, which she gives every year at Balmoral Castle during her annual stay in the Highlands. On many occasions her body servant and "gillie," the late John Brown, was her partner, and it was with mingled admiration and awe that the guests staying at the castle and the members of the royal household saw the extremely stout little old lady, their august sovereign, spinning about in the most lively fashion to the tune of a regular Scotch reel. Indeed, so often did the Empress-Queen thus amuse herself that she aroused ill-natured comment in the Southern portions of her dominions to the effect that if she was so fond of dancing she would do far better to select members of the old nobility as partners in dignified square dances at State balls than to dance jigs with Scotch menials.

Royal ladies at these State balls have a very notable advantage over the remainder of their sex. For whereas under ordinary circumstances women are forced to wait until invited to dance by men, Queens and Princesses of the blood have the privilege of selecting their partners. This they do through their chamberlain and gentlemen-in-waiting, who bear to the partner of their choice the royal "commande" to dance such and such a waltz with them.



The Traditional "Flying Dutchman"

am not dead, nor yet am I alive. I hover between this world and the world of spirits. Mark me!

"For nine weeks did I try to force my passage against the elements round the stormy Cape, but without success; and I swore terribly. For nine weeks more did I carry sail against the adverse winds and currents and then I blasphemed—aye, terribly blasphemed. Yet still I persevered. The crew, worn out with long fatigue, would have had me return to Table Bay; but I refused; nay, more, I became a murderer—unintentionally. It is true, but still a murderer. The pilot opposed me, and persuaded the men to blind me, and, in the excess of my fury, when he took me by the collar, I struck at him; he reeled; and, with the sudden lurch of the vessel, he fell overboard and sank."

"Even this dreadful death didn't restrain me; and I swore by the fragment of the Holy Cross, preserved in that relic now hanging about your neck, that I would gain my point in defiance of storm and seas; of lightning; of heaven, or of hell, even if I should beat about until the Day of Judgment."

"My oath was registered in thunder, and in streams of sulphurous fire. The hurricane burst upon the ship, the canvas flew away in ribbons; mountains of seas swept over us, and in the centre of a deep, overhanging cloud, which shrouded all in utter darkness, were written in letters of livid flame, these words—UNTIL THE DAY OF JUDGMENT!"

"Listen to me, Catherine, my time is short. One hope alone remains, and for this am I permitted to come here. Take this letter." He put a sealed paper on the table. "Read it, Catherine, dear, and try if you can assist me. Read it and now, farewell—my time has come."

Vanderdecken disappeared in a terrible burst of thunder, and his wife was left alone. When she recovered, she left the room and locked it, never to enter again.

Not until she was dying did she breathe a word of her story, and then only to her son, grown to manhood. He, after her death, opened the secret chamber, and found the letter, which directed him to encounter his father's ship in some way, and then, hauling the fragment of the Holy Cross above the deck, bring down the forgery of the heavens and thus expiate his father's crime.

The story of his years of search, the awful experiences through which he went, and his ultimate success, has been often told, and, in Marryat's famous novel, ends in

these beautiful words: "Again the elder Vanderdecken (after Philip had managed to board his ship) 'raised the relic to his lips—the heavy iron guns sank through the decks and disappeared, the crew crumbled into skeletons, and dust, and fragments of ragged garments; and there was none left on board in the resemblance of life save the father and son."

"Once more did he put the sacred emblem to his lips, and the frames and timbers separated, the decks slowly sank, and the remnants of the hull floated on the water; and as the father and son, the one young and vigorous, the other old and decrepit—still kneeling, still embracing, with their hands raised to heaven, sank slowly under the deep blue wave, the lurid sky was for a moment illuminated by a lightning cross. The Flying Dutchman was at rest."

But Captain Perry's narrative is to this effect.

Captain Perry was not at all desirous of having the story of his strange experience made public until his ship had sailed again.

"Sailors are superstitious," said he, "and upon no subject more strongly than that of the Flying Dutchman. Those who would laugh at killing an albatross or whistling in the fore-castle, would shudder at the mention of the vessel's name; for fable has always doomed a ship that encountered the ghostly craft to destruction. None of the sailors of my crew who were witnesses with me of the phenomenon, am pretty sure, was anxious to circulate the story. But we shall start on this coming voyage with the best hopes of success, in spite of having seen the Flying Dutchman."

## SOME RULERS WHO CAN DANCE

Members of Reigning Houses Who Can "Trip the Light Fantastic."

Dancing plays a great role in the court life of Europe. The chief thing at a court ball is to avoid tumbling when dancing, and this is more difficult than may appear at first sight. For even walking—let alone dancing—on the highly polished and parquetry floors of the royal palaces of Europe is attended with some danger. It was owing to a tumble sustained by a royal princess while dancing with a young officer of the guard at a court ball at Berlin some twenty years ago that waiting has ever since been strictly forbidden at all the State balls at Berlin or Potsdam; nor are waltzes permitted to figure on the programme of any private ball that may be honored with the presence of princesses of a reigning house.

The result is that to-day only square dances, polkas and schottisches are tolerated at the entertainments given by William, and most of the other German courts have followed suit, that of Mecklenburg-Schwerin allowing nothing but the minuet. The only exception to the rule in Germany is at the court of Wurtemberg, where, thanks to the influence of the beautiful young Queen, who is passionately fond of dancing, a taste which is shared by her pretty stepdaughter, Princess Pauline, the former edict against the waltz has been rescinded, and for the first time in twenty years it has again made its appearance upon the programmes of the state balls at Stuttgart.

That even the polka is not altogether free from danger is shown by the fact that about a year ago Emperor William summoned the generals commanding the various troops stationed in and around Berlin, and instructed them to direct those officers who were not able to dance properly to abstain from attempting to do so at imperial entertainments. The result is that young officers are now put through their paces by their regimental seniors, and are obliged to display a certain proficiency in polka around the mess stables before they are permitted to attend a court ball.

At Vienna, and at St. Petersburg, as also at the court of Rome, the waltz forms the most popular feature of the state balls. At Rome the court ball usually opens with

## DRUNK FROM LOSS OF SLEEP.

Queer Results of a Scientific Test Upon Subjects Kept Awake 90 Hours.

Experiments to test the effect of continued sleeplessness is the latest exploit of science.

Professor H. C. Warren, of Princeton University, in a paper describes the findings of Professor Patrick and Dr. Gilbert, of the University of Iowa, on the effects of the loss of sleep. Those who have witnessed the normal rest for several nights in succession feel a lassitude and a sort of depressing interest in life. They behave queerly, and seem to lose an equitable judgment of things. Events seem out of proportion, and often ordinary occurrences appear to go awry. This is the sleepless "fog," and its hallucinations are as marked as those of a man carrying an over-load of liquor.

Three normal subjects composed of instructors, and hence men not easily susceptible to influences, were tested by Prof. Patrick and Dr. Gilbert. They were kept awake for a period of ninety hours without resort to stimulants or other physiological means. During the four days and three nights of the test they were engaged, as far as possible, in their usual occupations. Their meals were of the ordinary kind, and were served at the usual hours.

After the second night the first subject suffered curious visual phantasies. He complained that the floor was covered with a greasy-looking, molecular layer of rapidly moving particles. They worried him almost to desperation. Often this layer seemed to him a foot above the floor and parallel with it, and it caused him tremendous trouble, as he stumbled about and tried to step on it. He staggered and tumbled, but he couldn't get a sure footing. He would try to walk on space, thinking the floor was a foot above where it was, and when his efforts met disastrously he seemed sorely distressed.

Later the air was full of these dancing particles, which developed into swarms of little bodies like gnats, but colored red, purple or black. They gyrated, it seemed, to the subject in great glee, and he frequently climbed upon a chair to brush them from about the gas jet. This amused him greatly. Especially was he entertained by the various colors in which he saw the little troopers as they drove about him in countless hordes.

## SHE HAS HAD 10 HUSBANDS.

Remarkable Matrimonial Career of a Lebanon, Indiana, Woman.

Mrs. Bettie Chappel-Brock-Hazelrigg-Hudson Schofield-Baker-Dinkins-Hazelrigg-Trowbridge-Jeffries-Van Pelt is the full name of the bride in a marriage recently solemnized at Indianapolis.

She has been married ten times. One husband dead, another missing, and six ex-husbands and one bona fide husband living at one and the same time within a radius of a hundred miles, is the record to which this oft-wedded woman can proudly point.

Her maiden name was Elizabeth Chappel, and she began her matrimonial career by marrying Grace Brock, a well-to-do dentist, of Lebanon, Ind., in 1871. Brock died in May, 1873, and after mourning his loss for a little less than three months, the grief-stricken widow became the bustling wife of James Monroe Hazelrigg, a farmer. Bettie, as she was affectionately called by every one, soon learned that the quiet life of a farmer's wife was entirely too slow for one of her ambitions, and with the assistance of considerate divorce laws and the consent of her husband she succeeded in casting aside this yoke in October, 1874.

Thomas Hudson, a harness dealer, was the next to cast himself and his fortune at her feet. As the latter was especially acceptable, she became Mrs. Hudson January 13, 1877. In less than two years she was again in court as plaintiff in a divorce proceeding. Her prayer was granted, and her next marriage was to Milton Schofield, an architect. Schofield was addicted to liquor, and, according to Bettie's divorce petition, which followed their marriage about a year, he was very abusive when under his influence.

Since then she has married and secured divorces from Frank Baker, Jacob W. Dinkins, Dr. Reese Trowbridge and Isaac Johnson. During this time she also was reunited to Hazelrigg, her former husband, but secured a second divorce from him.

Her last and present husband is James Van Pelt, of Indianapolis, aged eighty-five. In each of her eight divorce cases Mrs. Van Pelt has been the plaintiff, and in none of them has she met with opposition from the defendants. She never asked for alimony, she is now forty-four years of age.

## SLAVES UNDER OLD GLORY.

The American Flag Used to Facilitate the African Slave Trade.

There are still 50,000,000 slaves in Africa, and the slave trade in one country at least is carried on under the protection of the American flag. It is accompanied by wholesale bloodshed, pillage and all the nameless horrors inseparable from treating human beings as chattels.

These statements were made in a recent lecture before the American Geographical Society by Mr. Hell Chatelain, who is credited with as wide a knowledge of Africa as any man living. He was formerly United States commercial agent at Loanda, in West Africa. He is the author of several grammars of the native languages and has translated two of the Gospels into the native language of Angola.

It is in Morocco particularly that the Stars and Stripes lend their protection to the slave trade. Last July the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society called the attention of our Government to the fact that Moroccan Jews, who, by the laws of Morocco, are not allowed to hold slaves, place themselves under the protection of the American flag in order to practise this business. Slave dealing and slave holding are legal under Mohammedan rule, and public sales of slaves take place to-day, even in Tangier, almost within sight of Gibraltar. In Sus and Terdant small children are sold and ready purchasers, not only among the Moors, but equally among the Jews. In Tripoli the same practice prevails.

Mr. Chatelain declares that out of the 200,000,000 inhabitants of Africa 50,000,000 are slaves. Only a few years ago Explorer Cameron estimated that 2,000,000 human beings are yearly carried away into slavery. "If I shut my eyes," he said, "I see the villages burning, I hear the shouts and musketry of the murderers and the cries of their victims."

If the estimate of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society is correct, 500,000 lives are at the present time sacrificed every year for the maintenance of African home slavery.

In the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba alone, which are entirely governed by Great Britain, 200,000 are held in bondage. For each slave that reaches the coast, eight or nine are said to perish on the way, and in the interior; so that the actual

7,000 slaves annually smuggled into Zanzibar, and of 11,000 smuggled into Arabia, represents the murdering of some 60,000 in the regions whence the slaves are drawn.

From Zanzibar the slaves can legally be transferred to Pemba, whence it is easy to ship them to Arabia and Persia. Over 1,500 dhows are engaged in this business. From this example of slavery in two small islands one may form an idea of the enormity of the evil over the whole face of the Dark Continent.

In Egypt, although the traffic is repressed by English officials, the slave trade is by no means extinct. On the west coast of the Red Sea a brisk slave trade is carried on with impunity. "The transport," says Mr. J. Theodore Bent, the explorer of Maschouland, "is done in dhows from the Arabian coast, which come over to the coral reefs of the western side, ostensibly for pearl fishing. The many little harbors formed in the coral reefs offer every assistance to the Arab dhows, and the practice will continue until the reconquest of the Soudan is accomplished."

In the eastern Soudan the Khalifa has a large number of "seribas," or armed stations, whence his men start on their raiding expeditions for the capture of slaves.

In Zanzibar and Pemba the plantation labor, the hard work in the harbors, the warehouses and the streets and the portage of expeditions to interior Africa are all performed by slaves. Almost all these slaves are, as confessed by the British Government, illegally held, because smuggled into the islands in spite of formal treaties. In Zanzibar women prisoners are seen every day chained together in gangs of about seven and working under the supervision of a policeman armed with a lash.

The power of the East African Arabs is fairly broken. Tippu Tib enjoys the fruits of his rapines at Zanzibar, and has probably forever bid adieu to Congo and Tanganyika. Ranzalza, whose name signifies "he who destroys utterly" after fighting unsuccessfully with the Belgians on the other side, and with the Germans on this side of Lake Tanganyika, escaped to Zanzibar. Nearly all the chiefs who have survived the recent campaigns carried on against them by the Congo State, by Germany, and by the British of Nyassa Land, are in subjection to the Arabs, and the only slave trading in Nyassa Land is that which is carried on by the native tribes among themselves, of whom the Angoni are the worst offenders.

"The Angoni," says a missionary in Nyassa Land, "possess from 100,000 to 150,000 slaves. The sole possession of these poor creatures is a strip of goat or cat skin around their loins. They are kept in subjection by two species of terrorism. First, by the fear of the lash, and secondly, by the fear of the knife."

Mr. Chatelain has organized a Philanthropic Liberator's League in this country. Its object is to acquire land in various parts of Africa and establish colonies where the natives can live in peace and industry.

## MET ON A TRESTLE.

Thrilling Experience of Engineer Depew with a Mountain Cougar on the Track.

To battle with a huge mountain lion, seven feet in length, and 253 pounds in weight, on a trestle at night, is the thrilling experience that has just befell an Edward C. Depew, an engineer on the Great Northern Railroad, near Lowell, Wash.

"At the time of the adventure," says Engineer Depew, "I was pulling the overland passenger train going east, and as we were a few minutes late we were trying to make up a little time. After we had left Lowell, and almost two miles east of there, about half way across a long trestle, my fireman, George Lawrence, jumped down off his seat box and came quickly to my side of the engine. I noticed a startled look on his face, and, looking ahead, saw through the darkness a black object on the track."

"My first thought was of some obstruction on the track. For a second the thought of jumping flashed through my mind, but I banished it. Nothing could be done. We were too close to the danger, and the fright had the same effect on me that it had on Lawrence. It took away my power of speech. Instinctively I crawled out of the cab on to the side of the engine."

"The train dashed on. In an instant I saw a monster's eyes flashing through the darkness, green and yellow by turns. As the train approached the lion I could see it prepare to spring. Finally, when the leap was made, the situation was so dramatic as to be almost theatrical in effect. The force of the jump was astounding. The body of the beast crashed into the edge of the engine front. To jump then was certain death, for we were right in the centre of the trestle. Yet, as the lion made its leap, I could almost feel its hot breath on my throat."

"I learned afterward that the cougar, after we had struck it, lodged in the cross ties of the trestle. The beast was still alive when the men of No. 408 discovered it, but its hind legs were cut off. Foreman John C. Wright would not go near it until he had emptied a couple of chambers of his revolver into it. Then they fastened the body to the cow-catcher and took it to Skykomish."